

IN MEMORIAM



IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF

First Lieutenant Charles C. Contos

WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY AT

in the Pacific Area, January 14, 1945.

HE STANDS IN THE UNBROKEN LINE OF PATRIOTS WHO HAVE DARED TO DIE
THAT FREEDOM MIGHT LIVE, AND GROW AND INCREASE ITS BLESSINGS
FREEDOM LIVES, AND THROUGH IT, HE LIVES—

IN A WAY THAT HUMBLES THE UNDERTAKINGS OF MOST MEN

Franklin D. Roosevelt
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

January 14th marked the first anniversary of Charles Contos' death. This coming February 26th, Charlie would have been 27 years old. He was a promising lad and a moving spirit among the Hellenic youth, and Chicago Hellenes mourn his passing. He was president of the Greek Chorus of Chicago, and a member of the Woodlawn Chapter No. 93 Order of AHEPA. Quite a few times he and his group of folk dancers came over to our Folk Dancers Nook in the elaborate Greek native costumes to perform the Horos, native dance of Hellas. Practically all of St. Constantine's Greek Orthodox Parish and the Woodlawn community of Hellenes came to bid Chuck farewell at the Roof Garden of the Wedgewood Hotel before he entered the service in 1940. Kazy and I were there too, for he was our pal, a well loved friend. The last time I saw Chuck was during the Greek Good Friday services at St. Constantine's. He looked well in his flyer's uniform. We were proud of him. He did well in the service and became an instructor at Chanute Field, Illinois, where he taught for three years. But he did not want to sit out the war in the safety of Illinois; he asked for shipment over-seas, was sent to the Pacific theatre in the summer of 1944, joined the 20th Air Force, flying a B-29, and participated in the first and historic bombing over Tokyo, Japan.

Lt. Col. Robert K. Morgan, of Memphis Belle fame, wrote this of Chuck's last mission:

"Charlie was with Capt. Cox on a mission to Japan on January 14th. It was about two hours away from the base that they had an engine fail and a few minutes later caught fire. They left the formation to

return to their base. They were at that time only about 800 feet above the water and were unable to gain any altitude due to the engine failure. The bombs were dropped, but they went off and tore holes in the wing and gas tanks. The plane caught fire in other places, and there wasn't anything to do but make a water landing. Just before the plane hit the water the control cables were burned. The plane went out of control just before hitting the water and exploded.

"Charlie is one of the best engineers that I had in the Squadron. He has been so outstanding in his work that I have sent in his promotion recently. His devotion to duty was of the highest caliber. We all owe him so much that words will not express our feelings."

1st Lt. Charles Christ Contos left many grieving friends, but none can calm the great pain his aged mother, Mrs. Antonia Christ Contos, suffers. He has also left behind an older brother, Louis, and two sisters, Mrs. George (Spyridoula) Pappas and Mrs. Peter (Ida) Kaperonis.

"ZOIS O LOGOS" to a gallant son who offered the supreme sacrifice for the freedom of a brighter tomorrow. God grant that all who have made that supreme sacrifice have not done it in vain.

NOTICE . . .

We are not having an easy time raising the required funds to cover the expenditure of the printing of *Vitis*. I myself can't do much, that is, I can't run around to obtain subscriptions or ads. I have not the time or the strength to do anything like that. I'm depending mostly on your goodness and help. Some of the readers do not seem to realize that there is a great deal of work involved in putting out each monthly issue and that it takes a hundred dollars for each monthly 8 page issue. Many of our readers send complimentary letters and thanks expressing how much they enjoy *Vitis*. But, the best way you can express your appreciation will be through actual help! Subscriptions for your self and your friends, or, send in greetings; birthday or anniversary greetings for your friends. Every bit helps.

Greeting space of any form will be available for a dollar and up. If you want a reproduction of a picture it will cost \$2.50 for one column width (14M) cut. The cut will be your property. Single issues may be obtained for 25 cents.

SAULIT TEZEJ

(The Sun Is Setting)
Latvian Folk Song

See how fast the sun is setting
While I pause alone in fear;
My dear mother, has departed;
No one left to dry my tear.
Do not set yet; dear Sun hear me,
But one favor ask I thee:
Carry love to my dear mother,
And please tarry, Sun, with me.
Rapidly the Sun gets darker;
My dear mother is not near.
Fast I run, I can not catch her.
Loud my cry, she can not hear.

Translated by
V. F. Beliaus.

FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE

By Clayton C. Campbell

"And thou beside me—"

One of the most pleasant aspects of holiday season, it seems to me, is the interchange of friendly greetings. What a heart-warming feeling to receive a card of good wishes from an old friend; what a fitting way to celebrate the birth of man's greatest Friend.

Many writers have devoted much time and space to telling us how to make friends, how to put our best foot forward, so to speak. I think that it is high time that someone gave us some sound advice about how to retain friends. Certainly, it is one thing to acquire friends but it is quite a more difficult problem to retain them. In countless instances just a card at Christmas time has been the sole means of maintaining friendships across the years. Doubtless that method must serve where great distances intervene.

But what about those friends of ours nearby? Are they not worth a small portion of our time? An afternoon call, an evening of bridge or an invitation to dinner while these are small items in themselves bring one a type of happiness to be found nowhere else. Food and drink and friends make major contributions to our pleasure. True, indeed, was the told poet who said:

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou beside me—".

Longing for the one true to me
Who'll understand and bring me peace
Unto this soul, and set me free
In love, that I may show my release.

L O S T
Nele Lape

You're gone . . .
It's right here — in the telegram —
I've read it twice, and yet —
I can't believe the words.

Perhaps . . .
They sometimes make mistakes I've heard —
I JUST FOUND OUT THAT:

On June 30th, 1944, there were 14,553 banks in this country doing a general deposit business with the public and having an aggregate deposit of 128 billion dollars.

And yet . . .
If you are really safe —
There is no need for sadness, for despair —

I should be gay—laugh at my foolish qualms,
Dismiss my fears —
But oh, it's hard, so very hard
To laugh through tears . . .

Teacher: "What's the meaning of the word 'matrimony'?"
Pupil: "My father says it isn't a word.
He says it's a sentence."

NOOK OF POETRY

HARMONICS

Burton Lawrence

The silence of the mountain top
Reverberates with tone profound;
The quiet of the calm blue sea
Throbs endlessly with unheard sound;
The splendor of the setting sun,
The silvered moon-track on the wave

Re-echo with the quietness
Of canyon, glen, and tunneled cave.

The stillness of a windless shore,
The pulsing life in rain-drenched sod,
The clouds, the stars, the sun itself —
These are the overtones of God.

The sense of wonder that you feel
When looking at a baby's smile,
The gladness of a lighted door

That terminates your homeward mile,
The thrill of beauty that remains
When music quivers and is gone,

The peaceful rapture brought by love
As tranquil as a Maytime dawn,

The memory of happy times,
One glimpse of wisdom's cosmic plan

Kind thoughts, kind acts, and tenderness

These are the overtones of man.

W H E N

Marion Goswick

In a clove along the sea
Time stands still, and the ocean roars
Solitude can bring thoughts to me

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and —
And strings of my heart fly and soar.

Longing for the one true to me
Who'll understand and bring me peace
Unto this soul, and set me free
In love, that I may show my release.

L O S T

Nele Lape

You're gone . . .
It's right here — in the telegram —
I've read it twice, and yet —
I can't believe the words.

Perhaps . . .
They sometimes make mistakes I've heard —

I JUST FOUND OUT THAT:

They must—I'm sure they do!...
That's it — there was an error made —
It's someone else — not you!

And yet . . .
If you are really safe —
There is no need for sadness, for despair —

I should be gay—laugh at my foolish qualms,
Dismiss my fears —

But oh, it's hard, so very hard
To laugh through tears . . .

Finny's - Funnies



I wish I were a porcupine
For just a week or two,
Then I would have points enough
To come back home to you.

Who said that the Scotch are stingy?
Didn't you hear that Harry Lauder, the noted Scotch comedian left \$200,000 for the widow of the unknown soldier!

To make love and to make apple pie require the same properties. For both one needs plenty of crust and a lot of apple sauce.

"Pop, did Edison invent the first talking machine?"

"No, son. God made the first one. All Edison did was invent one you could shut off."

Dentist: "What kind of a filling do you want?"

Boy: "Chocolate."

Phil, O'Sophy: Running after women never hurt anybody. It's the catching them that does all the damage.

Postmaster: "I'm sorry, but I can't cash this money order for you unless you have some identification. Have you some friend in camp?"

Private: "Not me. You see, Sir, I'm the bugler."

A dear old lady was passing a rural stream where a company of soldiers were enjoying a cool swim. The lack of bathing trunks was obvious.

"Oh, my!" she explained. "Those must be our shock troops."

They tell me your son was quite an author before he entered the service. Does he write for money?

Yes. In every letter.

Jim: "Did they draft you, or did you volunteer?"

John: "Well, my number came up. They found me 1-A and I had no dependents, so I volunteered." *awuT*

"Say, do you know how minks get their babies?"

"Sure, the same way babies get their minks!"

A little boy, just returned from his first day at school, was asked how he liked to go to school. He replied, "I like to go, and I like to come, but it's the staying I don't like."

Husband: "I want a bunch of flowers." Florist: "And what kind, sir?"

Husband: "Oh! Those that will go with a weak alibi."